

HIS GRIEF KILLED HIM

Man Who Could Not Bear the
Thought of His Wife Undergoing
Operation Killed Himself.

FIRST BADE HER GOODBYE

Was Afraid Operation Would
Not Prove Successful and
Could Not Bear to See
Her Die.

New York, June 24.—Overcome by the news that his wife, who is an invalid, must undergo a dangerous operation to save her life, Carl Schmidt, a wealthy mining promoter and vice president of the Gold Ore Mining Company of Ontario, Canada, killed himself in his home here.

Mrs. Schmidt is in a private hospital. The husband called there, learned of her true condition and was told by the doctors that an operation was her only chance for recovery. He bade her farewell, went directly to their home and shot himself.

A Chinese Dog Story.

Prince Pu Lan and the Chinese minister, Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, attended the races at Gravesend early in the month.

A number of New Yorkers were presented to the distinguished foreigners, and one of them told an incident that illustrated the remarkable intelligence of a dog of his.

The minister said, with a smile: "I am reminded, sir, of a Chinese dog story."

"There was a Chinaman who had three dogs. When he came home one evening he found them asleep on his couch of teakwood and marble. He whipped them and drove them forth."

"The next night when he came home the dogs were lying on the floor. But he placed his hand on the couch, and found it warm from their bodies. Therefore, he gave them another whipping."

"The third night, returning earlier than usual, he found the dogs sitting before the couch, blowing on it to cool it."

A Good Answer.

"The late Mayor McLane," said a Baltimorean, "told me last year of an occurrence that had befallen a well known railroad man."

"A humble employee of the road called on this man and asked for a pass to a certain distant point. The official said, with a severe air:

"You have been working for us for some time, haven't you?"

"Yes," said the employee.

"You have always been paid regularly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, suppose you were working for a farmer. Would you have the nerve to ask this farmer to harness up his horses and drive you a long distance into the country?"

"No," said the employee, "I wouldn't. But if the farmer had his horses already harnessed and was going my way, I'd call him a pretty mean fellow if he refused to give me a lift."

Kari, the Arctic Dog.

Captain Sverdrup, the Arctic explorer, tells how one of his dogs, named Kari, fell ill during an expedition, even losing her appetite—a thing almost unheard of in an Eskimo pack. Kari was not only a good dog, but a wise one, and, therefore, she knew what to do. She curled herself round in a ball and lay down close by one of her comrades, between his legs, where she would be sheltered as well as warm. This, however, was not at all to the mind of the dog in question, and he was ungallant enough to get up and change his place.

But Kari was equal to this difficult situation. She took her allowance, went up to the dog in question and put it down before his nose, as much as to say: "Here, this is for you; now do be kind and let me lie quiet." Then she licked his face in a coaxing way and curled herself round again in her old place. This time she was really allowed to remain in peace.

Oversuspicious.

"Lord Burnham," said an American journalist, "presided at the recent annual dinner in London of the newspaper fund. He told a number of stories."

"One thing he said was that on a fishing trip in Scotland he set out on a certain morning with a large luncheon basket, intending to be gone for the day. He fished till noon. Then hunger seized him. At the same time,

too, he recalled the fact that he had left his luncheon at the foot of a cliff on the road, where he had stopped to rest.

"The cliff was two miles back, but the hungry lord set out for it on a fast walk. On the way he met a shabbily dressed Scot.

"Did you," he asked, "find anything on the road as you came along?"

"Na," said the Scot. "No; not I. Could na a stray dog ha' found and eaten it?"

Another Invasion of Mexico.

The extent of the American commercial invasion of Mexico is not always realized. A year ago it was officially reported that 1100 American companies were doing business in Mexico. Of the capital from this country invested there about 70 per cent is invested in railroads. All of the lines excepting those connecting the capital with Vera Cruz and the National Tehuantepec Railway are owned and controlled by Americans. Eighty per cent of the Mexican railroad property is held in the United States. Eighty millions of American dollars are engaged in Mexican mines, principally in Sonora, Chihuahua and Durango. The mining output of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903 amounted to \$145,000,000—valued in silver—being an increase of nearly 90 per cent over any preceding year. In the same time nearly three thousand new mining enterprises, or 17 per cent of the whole were launched.

In various agricultural ventures Americans have \$23,000,000 staked; but this includes probably some of those enterprises which appeal to the trustful small investor through popular advertisement, and concerning which our consular agents have often sent warnings to the Washington authorities.

Varied manufactures in the federal districts and in Nuevo Leon absorb much American capital. In Sinaloa we also operate a profitable group of sugar refineries. To the northward many great iron and steel plants are in evidence. One of them, just completed at Monterey, has cost fully \$10,000,000.—Booklovers' Magazine.

Little Sermons.

Deeds answer doubts.

Old gold is better than new brass.

Love takes all weariness out of work.

There is no serfdom in Christian service.

The greatest gain of life is the loss of self.

Criticism is not one of the fruits of the spirit.

The fire of a family altar keeps the church warm.

The falling blossom is the promise of the ripening fruit.

A little Bible in the heart is worth a lot under the hat.

When a man is short on charity he is apt to be long on creed.

There has to be a lot of go in religion that will catch men.

There is nothing that Satan loves better than a sanctimonious sinner.

Every time you choke down a harsh word you lift a whole world.

When you walk toward the sun all your shadows are behind you.

It is always easier to weep over a prodigal than it is to welcome him.

The best way to sing about golden streets is to buy a broom.

The man who is willing to go to heaven alone is going to a lonely heaven.

It is always the biggest craven who gives the dead dog the heartiest kick.

When a man gives to be seen of men he generally has a good deal to hide from the Lord.

When you give your brother a cup of cold water you don't have to pour it down the back of his neck.—Chicago Tribune.

English as She Is Writ.

Upon the arrival here a few days ago of the liner Coptic, Dr. Irones, the ship's surgeon, resigned from the company's service for the purpose, he declared, of engaging in the practice of his profession ashore. The doctor's Chinese servant on the Coptic, who for some years has looked after Irones' room, his clothes, his bath and his comfort generally, does not approve of the medic's leaving. He wrote the doctor the following letter which speaks for itself:

"What thing you makee go leave ship. All time you go shore makee spend all money one place. Bimby you makee stay shore side all time. What thing! You catchem too plenty bloke."

"More better you go catchee government pigeon. Catchee plenty money, no much work have got, all same man come aboard, San Francisco side, makee look Chinaman. Suppose ship come one day. No catchee ship every day. What thing."

Magnetic Personality.

When searched by the steward at the Detention Hospital for the insane, to which place he had been conveyed at the request of his landlady, some surprise was forthcoming. He was completely wrapped about the body and lower limbs with a coil of insulated copper wire, such as is used for electric lighting. In each of his pantaloons pockets he had wrapped in rubber bags two glass bulbs encased in dirty brown paper with a mixture of bluestone and ground copper added.

To the chief steward he imparted the news that he possessed a deep secret, which would surpass Edison and all other wizards of the world. With his secret he would be enabled to throw light at will upon any object he saw fit. It would enable him to have a light in his room at all hours, which would scare away spirits, ghosts and midnight prowlers and for that matter he could send a shock through the body of his enemy without the fear of detection. All this explained the wire about his body. That was part of the invention.

To uncoil the wire required the assistance of two men, as the crazy man fought like a wild tiger. He is now a patient in the state hospital for the insane at Agnew.

Grow Three Feet a Day.

There are many varieties of the bamboo plant, from the species which is woven into mats to the tall bamboo tree which the Chinaman uses for the mast of his large boat. One variety is cultivated as a vegetable, and the young shoots eaten like asparagus, or they may be salted, pickled or preserved.

The rapidity of growth of the bamboo is, perhaps, its most wonderful characteristic. There are actual records of a bamboo growing three feet in a single day, or at the rate of 1½ inches an hour. The Japanese are not only dependent upon it for much of their building material, but make their ropes, mats, kitchen utensils and innumerable other articles out of it.

Where Davis Took Oath.

After fifty-four years the old capitol of Alabama is to be remodeled and more room provided for those who attend to the affairs of the state. The sum of \$150,000 has been appropriated for the purpose.

The present state house was built in 1850, the other, its immediate predecessor, being destroyed by fire in 1849. It is of old-time architecture, with the regulation capitol dome and six massive columns in the front. It is three stories high and in about as poor condition for office service as any one could well imagine. While the grounds are carefully kept and look very pretty, the building is anything but a neat and convenient place in which to do the business of the state. Nobody will be sorry that it is to be fixed up in some sort of way commensurate with the dignity of a great state like Alabama. It was the first capitol of the confederacy, Jefferson Davis standing upon its steps when he was sworn in as the first and only president of the confederate States of America, February 8, 1861, at exactly 1 o'clock p. m.

Mystery Solved at Last.

"I lost my notebook one day," said the novelist, Will Levington Comfort. "I searched the house over for it. From room to room I went, examining every corner, and at the end of a two hours' hunt I found the book."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed, "I wonder why it is that one always finds a thing in the very last place one looks for it!"

"Maybe," said a cousin of mine, "it is because, after we find what we are hunting for, we end our search."

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Emigrants from Ireland.

The total number of emigrants from Ireland for 1902 was 40,190, of whom the United States received 33.8 per cent, against an average of 34 per cent for the four preceding years. Great Britain received 11.7 per cent; Canada, 1.8 per cent; Australia, 1.3 per cent; New Zealand, 0.2 per cent, and other countries, 1.2 per cent. Probably 85 per cent of all the emigrants from Ireland during the last 100 years have gone to the United States.

Retort in Kind.

W. D. Howells, the novelist, seldom fails, when any one has animadverted on his corpulence, to come out with a neat retort.

When Mr. Howells was consul at Venice a very lean and long American said to him one day jocosely:

"If I were as fat as you I'd go and hang myself."

"Well," said Mr. Howells, "if I ever take your advice I'll use you for a rope."—New York Tribune.

Badly Rehearsed.

"What is your favorite opera?" asked the young woman who was trying to make conversation.

Mr. Cumrox looked startled.

"I can't say," he answered. "My favorite poem is 'The Recessional' and my favorite painter is Rembrandt, but I forget what mother and the girls told me to say my favorite opera is."—Washington Star.

Brilliant Scheme.

Russian General—I'll tell you what we'll do.

Aid-de-Camp—What is that, your nobaki?

Russian General—We'll get the Japs to chase us as far as the German frontier, and then we'll all skip across. They dassent follow us over there!—Houston Chronicle.

GONG TO THE FAIR.

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